LIKE GOING ON A VACATION.

The President of Clark University Deprecates Too Strict Teetotalism.

"Taking a drink is somehow like taking a vacation," said Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark university, Worcester, Mass., when asked by a Tribune reporter what he thought of the current excitement in New York over the excise laws. "I am inclined to sympathize with Henry Ward Beecher, who is reported to have said of one of his deacons, a long-faced, abstemious man: 'There is nothing in the world that would do Deacon —— so much good as to get howling drunk.' It seems as if social life needed a sumulative agency to help man meet its highest demands, and it may be that it is the state of civilization that has brought on the general tendency to drink. Though I accept the statement that rum is one of the greatest curses of the world, yet I hold that it has had some good results. I cannot abide the temperance physiology of the public schools."

Dr. Hall is an acknowledged leader of scientific thought in this country and Europe. His conclusions in biology, physiology, psychology and allied branches of research are accepted by thousands of eager students in various parts of the world, and his dicta upon a subject of so much passionate conviction and dispute as the temperance question, it is thought, will furnish food for the most serious reflection.

Continuing, Dr. Hall said, in substance:

For myself, I am almost a teetotaler for principle's sake. What interests me chiefly is not the ethical and social effects of alcoholism, but its psychological and physiological effects. The problem of temperance physiology is one that, like the poor, we have always with us, yet the question, Why do we like to drink? has never been satisfactorily answered. One thing is plain—primitive people almost without exception have had the drinking habit. The habit seems indigenous. What the race would have been without narcotics or stimulants it is impossible to say.

The drink habit seems to co-exist with the social instincts. Excitement filled a large place in savage religions, and stimulant has a part in worship, for the people seemed to desire to experience the feeling of crepitation which results from the use of stimulants, and it was a religious ecstacy in itself to work one's self into a high state of exhilaration. The neolithic men of England, it would seem, cultivated the poppy and used it in religious ceremony worship; in India, Indra was thought to be in the wine; the Greeks had Bacchus; the Pueblo and Arkansas Indians knew no other worship than to get drunk. In some tribes drunkenness formed the only marriage ceremony. The Lapps, when a friend is dying, drink to assist the soul in its flight to heaven. Many of the celebrations of anniversaries and of adolescence and marriage are simply drinking bouts. It is doubtful whether a primitive tribe exists without some such ceremonial.

Tests made upon about forty subjects seem to show that the strength is not affected one way or the other by moderate drinking, and the senses only a little. While rapidity in adding figures was known to be increased not materially by alcoholic stimulation, the ability to repeat a set of words was reduced.

There are three theories as to the nature of alcoholic stimulation. In the middle ages it was believed that there were two distinct elements in the system—the pneuma, or spirit, and the soma, or body, and that these needed occasional waking up by a drug. Then came Brown, who said that there are two activities, the stimulating and the depressing. All food, he declared, is a stimulant. Arstey decided that the system is made up of higher and lower levels, and Forrel and other contemporary investigators hold that intoxication is a depression of the brain, which leaves the lower faculties of the mind to come to the surface. This, of course, is the same as if the mind were untouched and the lower systems were aroused.

Laboratory research has not made plain whether alcohol does or does not increase motor ability. But certainly there is this phychic decapitation of which I have spoken, when the lower activities of the mind emerge and shine like stars after the sun has disappeared.

Drunkenness and dipsomania should not be confused. The drunkard is the steady drinker; the dipsomania is the person who yields occasionally to the temptation.

The drink habit seems to have a rhythmic period, monthly periodicities of drunkenness being sometimes seen. One of the direct causes are the thirst for excitement, the desire for escape from the miseries of a hard life; or from a too strict Sunday, or from the monotony of life. In the cases of sixty-five persons who were victims of drink and were made the subject of careful study, many gave other reasons for drinking than the love of alcohol. Some had formed the habit of drinking every night, others every Sunday night; still others drank out of good fellowship, for social reasons; while the wish to drown sorrow drove others to the cup, and hard work and bashfulness were reasons assigned by yet others. Only a few out of the sixty-five seem to have had a passion for drink, and it is certain that some young men begin drinking to escape disappointment, sorrow or worry. One of the cases said that drink was his only resource against sorrow caused by divorce, and another stated that he began drinking to cure indigestion.

The drunkard is strikingly susceptible to sudden conversions; he is particularly liable to be swept off his feet by sudden gusts of this kind. As a rule, men begin drinking between the ages of 18 and 25, and abate the habit between 40 and 50. A particularly trying time is the climacteric. Twenty-five years is the average duration of the habit, and it generally ends in exhaustion and death.

Language is rich in terms for drunkenness. There are said to be 368 English phrases for it and over 800 in German. The disposition to glorify wine has shown itself not only in religious orgies, but in an immense literature of drinking songs, some of which, especially the old Latin songs, are very interesting.

Man, there can be no doubt, loves abandon for its own sake. The impulse to orgies is strong in him. Some persons say that periods of great culture are preceded by periods of intoxication, and that the existence of the latter condition may almost be accepted as proof that the nation in question is on the very verge of a great advance in civilization, but others are of the opinion that a wave of drinking precedes the decadence of a nation—that it is liable to occur at periods of national depression.

It seems natural for man to desire to feel all his pulses beating and bounding with their highest life, and this, according to one view of the subject, is what drinking does for a man. It is a freeing of the mind from the body: it satisfies the craving for youth and life. It gives the triumphant exultation of life over death. Some one has said that man is born in a hurry, dies in a hurry, is hurried off to the cemetery at a trot, and, therefore, must needs accelerate the pace of his lift to get out of it all he can. Certain it is that the Puritan point of view, the instinct of repression, has never triumphed absolutely in man's breast. Drink, in accordance with the Puritan idea, is a species of degeneration.

One writer has said that Christianity and narcotics both work for the same end—to palliate the hardness of life. Another authority has come forward with the interesting theory that the survival of the fittest no longer implies a struggle against nature or animals, but against alcohol and the germs of disease—when both of these have been overcome the world will be near the millennium. An implication of this theory, that those who are best fitted to live will be those who resist alcohol and germs, would seem to be that not until alcohol has killed off the weak ones can the world rise to better things.

One writer contends that Protestant Christianity is the outgrowth of a desire for freedom and a desire for alcoholism. However that may be, the alcohol habit is by no means so special a habit as has been supposed; all nations have it. An experiment has never been tried on a nation that knew not alcohol, because not one nation is known that is unacquainted with it. There is some question whether a people that has never tasted alcohol would have a craving for it, as it does not appear that the man who is innocent of the taste of alcoholic drinks is at all stimulated by the sight of a foaming glass of beer.

Alcohol seems to assist in bringing up energy to a summation, which is characteristic of the greatest nations; and as all the human race has a longing for varied experience, it may be that the use of alcohol is related to this, and to the desire which possesses man at times to rise to his very best. The capacity of brief, intense action is one of the great factors in the struggle for supremacy, and it would seem that the alcohol habit has brought to its highest point that capacity. If, as evolution declares, there is a vis a tergo, a push from behind, the desire to second this power by artificial means and to carry consciousness one step further may account for the desire for drink. The mind needs to feel intensely to rise above its limitations.

Life is enthusiasm. It is the very opposite of the feeling of inertia, of nil admirari. Youth is the best part of life; everything that makes us feel young is valuable.

But here a very practical question arises: Is pleasure the great end of life? Is the philosophy of Epicurus, to enjoy all the pleasure possible, the greatest thing? Back of the pleasure there is the reaction, the burning up of energy, the premature death; men who follow the Epicurean philosophy as a guide to living die without coming to maturity, having burned their candles at both ends.

The teaching of science on the subject of alcohol is very different from that of the school temperance books. Alcohol has degraded its tens of thousands, but it has done a great deal of good in the world. Here in this country we are apt to extremes and to insist that in abstinence lies the only good. But abstinence and temperance are two very different things, and of the two temperance is by far the higher, more philosophical word. Christ taught temperance and drank wine. The old Christians drank wine, and Christians do yet in southern countries. There is such a thing as a teetotal mania. Teetotalism may be a good thing for those who can not be temperate, and provided it be not carried to excess, but there are times when zeal carries its advocates too far.

There is an exhibition, an ecstasy, in intoxication, and we cannot but sympathize with the man who feels it. He is taking a vacation from his cares. He is all pleasure; he tells the truth. When we reflect that tea, coffee, food itself, are slightly intoxicating, we should think better of alcohol. Of course, the evils of it are that it reverses the processes of evolution, shunting man down to the lower levels, and taking him backward in the process of evolution, and tending to make a primitive man of him. But many people can take a little wine, and it will do them good. This is a doctrine to preach only to the elite, not to those who are too weak or immature to have self-control. It is because life is sweet, and because alcohol helps some people to realize its possibilities, that it is not the unmitigated curse some people make it out. I yield to none is my belief that rum is one of the greatest curses of this country, but I cannot abide the temperance physiology nor the teetotalism that amounts almost to a mania with some persons; nor the practice of inducing young children in the day and Sunday schools to sign the pledge unbeknown to their parents.

THE SINGING ALLIGATORS.

It Took M. Pernelet Eleven Years to Train Them.

(Philadelphia North American.)

"Now, then, all sing!"

At this command, uttered in a tone of incisive authority there came from the yawning mouths of fourteen monster alligators and crocodiles such a chorus of discordant and blood-curdling roars as never before affronted human ear.

Those who heard it from a secure distance shuddered and trembled, shuddered with horror, trembling with fear for the safety of the man who had started the uproar.

He was standing to his waist in water, in a great tank full of ferocious saurians, whose backs, lashing tails, enormous heads and immense mouths, lined with teeth of razor-like sharpness, made a spectacle to daunt even the bravest.

But the singing master seemed entirely unmoved. He familiarly tapped a ten-foot crocodile over the snout, pushed aside a big fellow who was trying to climb on him, and then, one by one, calling each reptile by name, he actually fed the entire fourteen from his hands.

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Then he climbed nonchalantly from the tank, removed his coat and long rubber boots and smilingly acknowledged the enthusiastic congratulations of his guests.

The man was M. Pernelet, the distinguished French naturalist and explorer. All Paris is marveling at his audacity, for he alone has accomplished the incredible feat of mastering and taming these terrible beasts.

M. Pernelet is not, as one might naturally think, a professional trainer, a pupil of Hagenback or Pezon. He is practically an amateur.

An ardent sportsman, hunter and trapper, he has several times circled the globe in his expeditions, and has turned his home at Ardennes into a veritable zoological garden.

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From his collection he supplies museums and menageries with beasts, wild and domestic, and schools and lyceums with animal skeletons, skins and other objects for the study of natural history.

It was while seeking gorillas and chimpanzees that, having captured several small crocodiles, the naturalist conceived the idea, through scientific curiosity, of finding out to what extent it was possible to train and educate these animals.

This was in 1882. He gathered fourteen crocodiles and alligators from the everglades and swamps of Florida and Louisiana, the streams of the Amazon, the wilds of Senegal and the muddy marshes of old Nile.

This collection represented a great outlay of money, and a considerable personal risk. Some of the huge lizards were caught with running nooses and hauled ashore by natives; others were captured in nets with tough and unbreakable meshes.

Eleven years of hard work was put in before M. Pernelet made the slightest impression on his pupils.

"I felt inclined to despair," he commented to a representative of the North American. "I began to believe that the ugly beasts were only made to eat, sleep and to kill, and could not be rendered amenable to human instruction.

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"I had not only to contend with natural stupidity—the brain capacity of all reptiles is very small—but with the ferocity and sullen temper that made the crocodile tank a much more dangerous place than a cage full of lions.

"At last, however, Fathma, Negro, L'Enfant and one or two others learned how to take food from my hands without biting me. Then I trained each to answer to his name, to roar at my command and to perform a number of other tricks that at first I would have deemed impossible.

"It is now nineteen years since I started, and in that time I have learned many interesting things about these feared and despised creatures. I have found them much better than their reputation.

"To arrive at my results two things were necessary. I had to love the beasts, and I had to make an exhaustive study of the intelligence and disposition of each. To know one was not to know all. They differed as widely in their characteristics as human beings do, and what one could be taught was often entirely beyond the comprehension and powers of another."

While referring in such flattering terms to his pets M. Pernelet did not mention, as he might well have done, that he carries on his body from head to feet the scars of wounds dealt him by their sharp teeth.

Sometimes these bites have been the result of accident, sometimes of temper; many of the escapes have been very narrow. An infuriated crocodile caught M. Pernelet's hand one day at feeding time and bit off two fingers before its hold could be broken.

And even for this offense Mr. Crocodile was not severely punished, for the trainer doesn't believe in cruelty—a sharp rap on the snout is about the worst the most recalcitrant offender ever gets.

They take their punishment without the furious resentment that one might expect of creatures with their appearance and capacity for retaliation. Some of them skulk a little after a chastisement, but the wonderful thing is that all seem to realize just what it means. Indeed, M. Pernelet has instilled into the minds of these strange pets a certain definite idea of right and wrong—a rudimentary code of ethics. Perhaps he has developed native saurian characteristics which made the crocodiles sacred to the ancient people of Egypt and which have fallen latent and unsuspected since the Ptolemies ceased to hold sway over the land of the Nile. Patience has certainly had its reward, and in this instance the outlay warranted an ample return, for so unpromising a task in the animal training field as was M. Pernelet's probably never before confronted any man.

In a wild state crocodiles and alligators do not eat at regular intervals. Sometimes they lie dormant for weeks at a stretch. M. Pernelet, however, does not follow this method in the care of his saurians; he feeds them every day with from ten to twenty pounds of horse meat; the amount is varied according to the seasons and the temperature.

It is worthy of remark that in rainy weather the reptiles are very restive and sulky. This weakness they share in common with another unruly beast—man.

Of all the animals, crocodiles are the longest lived; those of M. Pernelet range from 8 to 200 years old. The monster of his collection is Fathma, who measures ten feet seven inches in length and weighs 418 pounds.

Notice.

Salt Lake City, Feb. 19, 1902.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the City Recorder until 5 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1902, for the use of the City Sewage Farm.

Blank forms for proposal can be obtained at the office of the City Recorder.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

By order of the City Council, Feb. 18, 1902.

J. O. NYSTROM, City Recorder.